By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſon, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as't were ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him: Doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may ſay not well,
But if it be he I meane hee's very wilde,
Addicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe, marry none ſo ranke
As may diſhonour him, take heed of that;
But ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſuall ſlips
As are companious noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe ſo farre.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Faith as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty,
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A ſavageneſſe in unreclaimed blood
Of generall aſſault.
Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry ſir here's my drift,
And I beleeve it is a fetch of wit.
You laying theſe ſleight ſullies on my ſonne,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd with working,
Mark you, your party in converſe, he you would ſound,
Having ever ſeene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;

Good ſir (or ſo) or friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and countrey.
Rey. Very good my Lord.
Pol. And then ſir does a this, a does: what was I
By the Maſſe I was about to ſay ſomething,
Where did I leave?
Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence; I marry,
He cloſes thus, I know the Gentleman
I ſaw him yeſterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with ſuch or ſuch, and, as you ſay
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowſe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I ſaw him enter ſuch and ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now,
Your bait of falſhood takes this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wiſdome and of reach,
With windleſſes, and with eſſayes of byas,
By indirects finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my ſonne. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My Lord I have.
Pol. God buy ye, fare ye well.
Rey. Good my Lord.
Pol. Obſerve his inclination in your ſelfe.
Rey. I ſhall my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his Muſicke.
Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, what's the mat
Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I have bin ſo affrigh
Polo. With what i'th name of God?
Ophel. My Lord as I was ſowing in my Cloſet
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head his ſtockins foul'd,
Ungartred, and downe gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,